

Poetry.

HYMN.

On the departure of Mrs. Mary E. Van Loan,
as a missionary to Smyrna.

By Mrs. L. B. HIGGINS.

Our precious gifts we yield to thee,
Oh God! from whence they came,
Daughter and friend, we render free
When thou their aid dost claim.

Thy blessed path, they cheered our cells
Like flowers, when sunbeams shine,
Deep in our hearts their music dwells,
Yet Father, they are thine.

Smooth thou the sea for those we love,
The adverse winds restrain,
And let thy peaceful spirit breathe
Upon the restless main.

Their entrance to the heathen lands,
And word unending grace,
That lead to truth, that truth to peace,
By which lost sinners live.

So, when shall fall these fleeting skies,
And Death resign his power,
Eternal Joy more high shall rise,
From this our parting hour.

Yours Companion.

HYMN OF THE REFORMED INEBRIATES.

WIVES.

Glorious God for the good he has done,
Praised be his name for his infinite love,
For the love that has led him to save,
For the love that has led him to save.

Bring to the morning which dawned on our earth,
Bright as the dawn of the radiant day,
Clouds that were freighted with darkness and sorrow,
Which hid the face of the Father in glory.

Weeping and wailing, and the midnight cry,
Fire from our hearts, and the lighted sky,
Piercing prayer, and the angel's cry,
Turn into glory and the life to come.

Burning repentance and the flame of morning,
Hopes and sorrows, and the life to come,
All are removed in the light of the morning,
Which is the light of the life to come.

Love has led him to the life to come,
Which is the life of the life to come,
Which is the life of the life to come,
Which is the life of the life to come.

They who have loved to return from their error,
Pierced and broken, and the life to come,
Which is the life of the life to come,
Which is the life of the life to come.

Prayer for the poor that is joined to a river,
For the poor that is joined to a river,
For the poor that is joined to a river,
For the poor that is joined to a river.

Time Journal.

Obituary.

FOR THE BOSTON RECORDER.

MARY WINSHIP.

Died in Cambridgeport, on Sunday last,
Miss Mary Winship, daughter of Mr.
J. W. Winship, 21 years of age.

When age and experience are gathered
to the tomb, the mind contemplates
the event with serenity, views it as in
accordance with the course of nature,
and readily yields acquiescence to the divine
appointment. But when youth, innocence
and love are gathered to the tomb, the mind
is not so serene, and the heart is not so
at ease. The heart is not so at ease,
and the mind is not so serene.

Such have been the effects produced in
many fond hearts, by the death of the
interesting young lady, whose character
forms the subject of this notice. It does
not seem fitting, that so much of the
moral worth, such amiability of mind,
and purity of heart, should be permitted
to pass away from earth without some token
of remembrance, some tribute of affectionate
regard, some memorial hallowed to her
virtues, and commemorative of her
character. Though no monumental
marble should mark the spot
where her dust reposes, or stored up
record the praises of her character, her
virtues will ever be cherished in the
living hearts of those, in whose friendship
and love she has been permitted to
share. These will form her worthiest monument, and "last
with Egypt's fall."

To all whom she was known, she was
endeared by the most sacred and tender
ties; and words can but poorly express
the depth of sorrow which her loss
occasioned in the circle in which she moved.
But death knows no ties too tender to
be broken, no attachment too fond to
be severed but like the ruthless blast, it
sweeps over the field of life, and cuts
down the fairest flowers that bloom upon
its surface.

In all the relations of life, as a daughter,
sister, companion and friend, she
beautifully exemplified the excellence
of her Christian character. It was religion
which gave a grace to all her charms,
and sanctified the influence of her life.
With her it was no mere pretence, no
outward form, no ostentatious display,
but the principle and end of her being.

Nor in her religion was there any thing
superficial. Its practical character was
what constituted its worth. She was not
satisfied with attention merely to the
depth of sorrow which her loss
occasioned in the circle in which she moved.
But death knows no ties too tender to
be broken, no attachment too fond to
be severed but like the ruthless blast, it
sweeps over the field of life, and cuts
down the fairest flowers that bloom upon
its surface.

Her early devotion to God had disarmed
death of its terrors, and enabled her
to regard it, rather as a light of blessing
than a curse, as the passport to the
school of patience. "Not my will, but
thine, O God, be done," was the burden
of her prayer.

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the world and its allurement, were sought
to be compared "to the glory which shall
follow;" and when asked what gave her
such peace and composure in prospect
of death, her simple response was, "trust
in God." Such were her hopes in death,
that she tears came streaming from the
eyes of friends who stood by her dying
 couch, she would say, "weep not for me,
I shall only be a gainer by the change;
the loss will be to those I leave behind."

To mortal vision her death was early
and premature; but if it is remembered,
that "that life is long which answers
life's great end," that "virtue, not rolling
suns the mind matures," it will be
seen that the fruit was ripe for the harvest,
that the golden grain was ready to be
gathered into the garner of heaven.

She died on Sabbath blessed day,
sweet day of rest; rest to her weary, af-
flicted soul; rest from the cares and trials
of life; rest in the tranquility and bliss
of heaven, in the bosom of her Father and
her God. She loved the courts of the
Lord, and almost the last words she
uttered, as she lay on her deathbed, were
the words which she had often said,
"that life is long which answers life's
great end," that "virtue, not rolling
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pitiable, and disposed to be confiding. He is a
good man, without being a remarkable one;
and wise, without being great. Entirely ad-
apted to the management of the domestic re-
lations of his kingdom, but failing in dignity and
self-possession, when subjected to the lawless
attacks of foreign warships. He can converse
in English fluently, though reluctant to do so.
By foreigners he is familiarly addressed as
"king." Of a vessel, he is passionately fond;
and a few years since, his navy was quite re-
spectable, consisting of a fine bark of fourteen
guns, a brig, and several schooners. He pos-
sessed now but a few small schooners, the big
being wrecked, and the bark proving too ex-
pensive for his exhausted treasury. His obser-
vation is keen, and memory retentive. When but
a young lad, he visited the Potomac frigates,
Commander Downes, then lying off Honolulu.
Several years later, in 1829, he went on board
the Columbia frigate, Commander Reed. "This
vessel has greater height here than the Potomac,"
said he, "how much do they differ?" asked his
companion, "reflecting on the difference, he re-
plied, "two inches," which was the exact dif-
ference.

"PRAY FOR US."
We have often wondered that those who be-
lieve in the necessity of prayer, should not more
introduce the religious newspaper into their
own families and the families of others, as a
means of good, do neglect to pray for the be-
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their country. Prayers are constantly of-
fered in behalf of pastors who, ordinarily, can
influence but a few hundreds of individuals,
while those who read their papers, and who are
thousands are forgotten at the throne of grace.
From week to week, through a long course of
years, the mind of the editor comes in contact
with the most important and interesting re-
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ing the action of the church, unaided by prayer.
The religious newspaper is a powerful agent for
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OLD AGE.
"Age is dark and unduly," says the old
bard of Scotland, and so it sometimes is. But
it need not be. Youth be spent aright, let
the health of the body and the improvement of
the mind be the first and foremost objects, and
the soul be expanded and all its noble powers de-
veloped, and we shall in the decline of life,
grow brighter and brighter, until the perfect
day. For ourselves we love the age. We love
to draw out their stores of rich experience
in regard to religion, or to business, and we
love to hear them speak in the future of faith
that "great ocean on which they are to sail
so soon." One of the worst signs of the times
is the growing want of respect which is mani-
fested all over the country to those that have
passed into "the acre and yellow leaf." The
church has much to answer for in this respect,
and she will never "rise and shine in her full
beauty" so long as she prefers the arid and
barren of youth to the rich and fertile of old
age. "How much do they differ?" asked his
companion, "reflecting on the difference, he re-
plied, "two inches," which was the exact dif-
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is the growing want of respect which is mani-
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passed into "the acre and yellow leaf." The
church has much to answer for in this respect,
and she will never "rise and shine in her full
beauty" so long as she prefers the arid and
barren of youth to the rich and fertile of old
age. "How much do they differ?" asked his
companion, "reflecting on the difference, he re-
plied, "two inches," which was the exact dif-
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OLD AGE.
"Age is dark and unduly," says the old
bard of Scotland, and so it sometimes is. But
it need not be. Youth be spent aright, let
the health of the body and the improvement of
the mind be the first and foremost objects, and
the soul be expanded and all its noble powers de-
veloped, and we shall in the decline of life,
grow brighter and brighter, until the perfect
day. For ourselves we love the age. We love
to draw out their stores of rich experience
in regard to religion, or to business, and we
love to hear them speak in the future of faith
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